

DESOLATION JONES

1

"MADE IN ENGLAND" ONE of SIX

22pp

WARREN ELLIS

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS TO FOLLOW IN SEPARATE DOCUMENT. For purposes of reading this script:

Desolation Jones is around six feet tall, and skinny bordering on skeletal. He's around thirty, but his hair's gone grey, same grey as his eyes, and his face is getting lined already. Very pale. Hair's getting a little wild. Big goggles and a gasmask/respirator are permanent fixtures – goggles pushed up into his hair, mask hanging around his neck. He only has one set of clothes: an orange plastic jacket, slightly too big for him, cut out from a hazmat suit: black plastic pants and heavy boots. Black t-shirt. On the inside of each forearm are tattoos; on the left inside forearm, a spiky version of the Hazmat symbol. On the right inside forearm, the words DESOLATION 01.

**PAGE ONE**

**Pic 1;**

Everything on this first page is black and white. Everything is also a little spatially distorted. Six-panel grid, three rows of two.

A MAN's face looms into our field of vision, his middle-aged features distorting as if seen through a bad lens.

MAN; MISTER JONES, YOU APPEAR TO BE PISSED AS A FART AGAIN.

**Pic 2**

Cut to: a middle-aged WOMAN, sitting in a big chair, reading from a cardboard folder. Again, the distortion, the chair seeming massive, her hands ballooned by the weird focus into immense talons.

WOMAN;                   MICHAEL JONES. WHAT AN INTERESTING  
DOSSIER YOU PRESENT.

WOMAN; MI6 DOES NOT REQUEST PROFESSIONAL DRINKING IN ANY JOB DESCRIPTION, YOUNG MAN.

**Pic 3;**

A DOCTOR stands over us, surrounded by a too-bright field of light,  
lens-flare bouncing around our eyes.

DOCTOR; I'M SORRY, MISTER JONES. I CAN'T REPORT YOU  
FIT FOR THE FIELD. I COULD STRIP PAINT WITH  
YOUR BLOOD.

DOCTOR;                   ADD THAT TO THE DERELICTION OF DUTY  
CHARGE. AND, WELL...

**Pic 4;**

An older female PSYCHIATRIST studies us, surrounded by shadows. A light source from above bounces off her little glasses, so that we cannot see her eyes.

PSYCH; IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU HAVE  
EXPERIENCED EXTRAORDINARY STRESSES IN  
YOUR WORK, MISTER JONES.

PSYCH;                      HOWEVER, BRITAIN'S SECRET INTELLIGENCE  
SERVICE REQUIRES MORE... RESILIENCE?

PSYCH: PUT ANOTHER WAY: JAMES BOND NEVER URINATED ON HIMSELF.

*Continued over page*

**PAGE ONE continued**

**Pic 5;**

Cut to: a BARMAN, against a hell of bottles, glasses and lights, grinning at us.

BARMAN;                               THERE ARE MANY GOOD REASONS FOR  
DRINKING, AND ONE'S JUST ENTERED MY HEAD:

BARMAN;                               IF YOU DON'T DRINK WHEN YOU'RE LIVING,  
HOW THE FUCK CAN YOU DRINK WHEN YOU'RE  
DEAD?

**Pic 6;**

Cut to; an OLD MAN in an old suit, his head swelling in the weird fisheye-lens focus as he leans towards us conspiratorially, narrow eyes gleaming.

OLD MAN;                               MI6 HAS MANY ALTERNATIVES AVAILABLE FOR  
AN AGENT UNABLE TO CONTINUE IN THE FIELD.

OLD MAN;                               YOU HAVE BEEN ADDED TO THE SHORT LIST  
FOR A MEDICAL INITIATIVE CALLED THE  
DESOLATION TEST.

## **PAGE TWO**

### **Pic 1;**

Jones' eyes snap open. We're in monochrome now, a full range of greys -- which is good because Jones' eyes and hair are grey anyway.

CAPTION;                                    I HATE SLEEPING.

### **Pic 2;**

He sits up, naked. He's been sleeping on the floor in the main room of a circular two-floor building, the Chemosphere in LA. I'll provide links later. The place is half-empty, as if he can barely commit to living there. A pile of fast-food containers sits nearby. There's a COMPUTER on the other side of the room, lit up. All the windows are heavily curtained, the computer is the only light source in the room, making Jones himself a shadowy, half-seen figure.

CAPTION;                                    NOT THAT I SLEEP THAT MUCH ANY MORE. BUT  
WHEN I DO, IT ALWAYS LEAVES ME SHATTERED.

### **Pic 3;**

He walks to the computer, away from us, running a hand through his hair. There's a lot of scar tissue on his skinny body. The computer screen is black and RED.

CAPTION;                                    I RAN OUT OF PILLS. THE PILLS MAKE ME FEEL  
LIKE SHIT, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN DREAMING.

### **PAGE THREE**

**Pic 1;**

On screen: the DJ SYMBOL and the logo DESOLATIONJONES.COM, all in red.  
An EMAIL symbol in the lower right.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2;**

The screen is replaced by an email, and the screen is now full-colour.

email from manofmeat@hotmail.com  
subject: job

details enclosed. appointment set.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

Colour is now bleeding into the panel, as he picks up the phone next to the computer and starts tapping.

JONES;                                BLOODY HELL, JERONIMUS...

**Pic 4;**

Jones on the phone, still trying to wake up.

JONES;                                ROBINA? JONES.

FROM PHONE;                        GODDAMNIT, JONES, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME  
IT IS?

JONES;                                UM... NO.

**Pic 5;**

He turns to tap at the computer, confused.

FROM PHONE;                        YOU USELESS LIMEY BASTARD. IT'S TEN AFTER  
EIGHT, GODDAMNIT.

JONES;                                MORNING OR EVENING?

FROM PHONE;                        MORNING! I'VE BEEN IN BED FOUR GODDAMN  
HOURS!

**Pic 6;**

He grimaces, rubbing his eye.

JONES; SHIT. SORRY. LISTEN, I NEED A RIDE OUT TO THE HILLS. JERONIMUS HAS HANDED A JOB OFF TO ME.

JONES; I NEED TO BE THERE FOR NINE-THIRTY. HELP ME OUT? YOU KNOW I CAN'T FIND MY WAY AROUND THIS BLOODY PLACE...

FROM PHONE; ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. TWENTY MINUTES.

**PAGE FOUR**

**Pic 1;**

EXT. CHEMOSPHERE - morning. As you'll see from the shots, the thing kind of hangs from a precipice overlooking Los Angeles. Beautiful bright morning above the smog line. Make a pretty picture.

CAPTION; I BOUGHT THIS PLACE WITH BLOOD MONEY. AND IT WAS MY BLOOD, TOO.

**Pic 2;**

A black VAN is parked outside the house -- there's maybe twenty feet of pathway between the front door and the van. Jones, a black figure huddled under a heavy grey blanket like he was a vampire, scuttles from the house towards the van, which has its passenger-side door open waiting.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

At the driver's seat as Jones piles in under his blanket: ROBINA SHIVA. (Quick note: of Indian/Pakistani extraction, rivethead girl.) She looks at him with exasperation.

ROBINA; BELA GODDAMN LUGOSI.

ROBINA; WHAT THE HELL DO YOU DO ALL NIGHT IN THAT PLACE? I KNOW YOU DON'T SLEEP MORE THAN AN HOUR A DAY.

JONES; THINK. READ.

ROBINA; COME ON.

**Pic 4;**

INT. CAR: Road starting to unroll in front of them as the car pulls off.

JONES; SERIOUSLY. I'M STILL TRYING TO GET TO GRIPS WITH THIS PLACE.

ROBINA; LOS ANGELES? WHAT'S TO GET TO GRIPS WITH?  
IT'S A CITY, JONES. YOU SHOULD GET  
YOURSELF A CAR AND SEE SOME OF IT.

JONES; WELL, SEE, THAT'S WHAT I MEAN. I'VE BEEN  
READING ABOUT SUPERMODERNISM.

## **PAGE FIVE**

### **Pic 1;**

Surreal moment: Jones looks out the passenger-side window and there's a thick RED LINE taking the place of the road, running alongside them – a massively magnified version of the kind of line that describes roads on maps.

ROBINA (FROM IN CAR) HAH?

JONES SUPERMODERNISM. THE FACT THAT WE DON'T  
BUILD PLACES TO JUST BE IN ANYMORE.

JONES WE BUILD PLACES TO GO THROUGH. TO WAIT  
IN. TO BE TRANSIENT.

### **Pic 2;**

Jones slips his goggles on.

JONES YOU EVER WATCH "CRIBS" ON MTV? ALL THOSE  
POP STARS' HOUSES? THEY'RE ALL BEIGE AND  
WHITE. THEY'RE THE COLOUR OF AIRPORTS.

JONES ALL THOSE HOUSES ARE DECORATED LIKE  
HOTEL ROOMS AND WAITING LOUNGES. YOU  
NEVER WONDER WHY?

### **Pic 3;**

AERIAL SHOT: The car is small in this shot, and it's driving down a red line that describes a road, and now the rest of the map, of greater LA, is visible all around it...

VOICE (NO TAIL) SUPERMODERN SPACES. PLACES TO GO  
THROUGH.

VOICE (NO TAIL) AND NOW LOOK AT THIS BLOODY CITY.

VOICE (NO TAIL)

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND FUCKING MILES OF  
ROAD. NOT EVEN A CITY. A DOZEN TOWNS  
STITCHED TOGETHER BY MOTORWAYS.

*Continued over page*

*Page FIVE continued*

**Pic 4;**

The car blurs past a mass of ostentatious WHITE/BEIGE houses...

ROBINA

HIGHWAYS.

JONES

WHATEVER. HOUSING THAT GOES UP TODAY  
AND GETS KNOCKED DOWN TOMORROW.

JONES

LA'S A SUPERMODERN SPACE. A PLACE YOU  
DON'T STOP IN.

**Pic 5;**

Robina's VAN zooms away from us. We're up a bit, so it looks like it's  
going down as it heads away from our POV.

FROM CAR

ASIDE FROM US, OF COURSE.



**PAGE SIX**

**Pic 1;**

CUT T0; The van pulls down a long driveway, towards a large, dark grey, doomy-looking English-style mansion.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2;**

The van pulls up very close to the front doors, passenger-side facing them -- the passenger door open, Jones hunched under the blanket and scuttling out to the door.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

GRAHAM, the butler, opens the doors -- black suit, white shirt, black tie, in his sixties, looking like an old boxer.

JONES: MY NAME'S JONES. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT  
TO SEE THE COLONEL.

GRAHAM; INDEED, SIR. I AM GRAHAM, THE COLONEL'S  
MAN. CAN I TAKE YOUR, AH, BLANKET?

**Pic 4;**

Indoors, Jones, sheepishly hands Graham the blanket.

JONES; YEAH. I'M NOT GOOD WITH DIRECT SUNLIGHT.

GRAHAM; ONE WONDERS WHY YOU WOULD LIVE IN LOS  
ANGELES, MR JONES.

JONES; LIMITED OPTIONS. YOU'RE ENGLISH?

**Pic 5;**

SMALL SHOT: SUDDEN CLOSE-UP: GRAHAM'S HAND: just visible above his cuff, on his wrist, a TF-symbol tattoo. The lower horizontal bar of the F comes from the middle of the T – there's only one vertical line. If you see what I mean.

*(no dialogue)*

## **PAGE SEVEN**

**Pic 1;**

SUDDEN CLOSE-UP: Jones' eyes narrow.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2;**

Graham looks around, to see if anyone else is in earshot.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

Graham leans in to Jones and grins.

GRAHAM;                      FUCK NO. I'M FROM FUCKIN' BROOKLYN.

GRAHAM;                      THE COLONEL WANTED AN ENGLISH BUTLER.  
USE MY OWN VOICE, PASS UP A THOUSAND  
BUCKS A WEEK?

GRAHAM;                      FUGGEDABOUTIT. THANK FUCK FOR BBC  
AMERICA, HAH?

**Pic 4;**

Graham straightens up again, folding the blanket over his forearm like a waiter's towel and pointing down a corridor past the central stairwell, deeper into the house, with his other hand.

GRAHAM;                      THE COLONEL WILL RECEIVE YOU IN HIS STUDY,  
SIR.

GRAHAM;                      I WILL HOLD YOUR BLANKET UNTIL YOU  
RETURN.

JONES: DON'T WASH IT. I'VE ONLY JUST GOT IT THE WAY  
I LIKE IT.

**Pic 5;**

CUT TO; Jones opening a heavy oak door on to our POV

JONES; COLONEL NIGH?

JONES; I'M JONES. JERONIMUS CORNELISZOOM  
REFERRED YOU TO ME.

**PAGE EIGHT**

**Pic 1;**

INT. STUDY: Two chairs, a drinks trolley and a small low coffee table are the only items of furniture. The walls are covered in medical photography. X-Rays, brain scans, microscope photography of blood structure and cellular structure, imaging of viruses. Wall to wall. A room-sized detailed study of the innards of one man -- THE COLONEL, a skeletal, wizened man wrapped in a big white bathrobe sitting in the bigger and richer of the two chairs. Wired- and tubed-up to heart rate monitors, IV drips, and the like. He couldn't stand up even if he had the strength to. He smiles, showing small blackened teeth, gesturing weakly at the drinks.

COLONEL; MR JONES, YES. EXCELLENT.

COLONEL; PLEASE HELP YOURSELF TO A DRINK.

COLONEL; I'D JOIN YOU, BUT ALCOHOL MAKES MY LIVER  
CONVULSE LIKE A SPIDER WITH A PIN IN IT.

**Pic 2;**

Jones takes the only other chair, on the other side of the table from the Colonel.

JONES; I DON'T, THANKS. I MAY ROLL A JOINT IN A  
WHILE, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

JONES; PAIN MANAGEMENT.

COLONEL;                               AH, YES. IT'S TRUE, THEN, ABOUT WHAT YOUR  
FELLOW BRITONS DID TO YOU?

**Pic 3;**

Jones frowns. The Colonel arches his white puffy eyebrow.

JONES;                               JERONIMUS TOLD YOU?

COLONEL;                            I HEAR THINGS, MR JONES.

COLONEL;                            YOU ARE THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE  
DESOLATION TEST, YES?

**PAGE NINE**

**Pic 1;**

Jones leans forward, hands together, uncomfortable, wanting to bring  
this back to business.

JONES;                               AS FAR AS I KNOW. I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A  
PROBLEM, COLONEL.

COLONEL;                            OH, I HAVE MANY PROBLEMS, MR JONES. THE  
AFTERMATH OF A LIFETIME AS A SOLDIER AND  
A WORLD-CLASS SEXUAL ADVENTURER.

COLONEL;                            FOR FIFTY YEARS, THE FLESHPOTS OF EARTH  
WERE MY FINGERBOWL.

**Pic 2;**

He airily indicates the walls.

COLONEL;                            AND NOW YOU WITNESS THE FRUIT OF MY  
LABORS.

COLONEL;                            I AM POSSESSED OF OVER SEVENTY SEPERATE  
DISEASES, MY EVERY ORGAN WORKED TO  
FAILURE IN PURSUIT OF THE BEAST WITH TWO  
BACKS.

COLONEL;                      INDEED, ON ONE MEMORABLE OCCASION,  
FORTY-EIGHT BACKS.

**Pic 3;**  
His face crumples.

COLONEL;                      BUT NOW, MR JONES, MY PLEASURES ARE  
SIMPLE, AND MY PENIS IS SOMEWHERE IN  
BOMBAY.

COLONEL;                      A THING HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM ME, AND I  
AM BEING BLACKMAILED FOR ITS RETURN.

COLONEL;                      IT IS THE RAREST OF THINGS, AND I AM BEING  
BLED DRY, WITH FADING HOPE OF  
SATISFACTION.

***Continued over page***

***Page NINE continued***

**Pic 4;**  
Jones makes to stand up again.

COLONEL                      IN 1944, ADOLF HITLER --

JONES                              OH, COME ON...

**Pic 5**  
The Colonel flaps his hand, as if shooing Jones back into his chair.

COLONEL                      --ADOLF HITLER SET ABOUT TURNING AN AREA  
OF HIS BERLIN BUNKER INTO A SMALL FILM  
STUDIO.

COLONEL                      HE DIRECTED AND OCCASIONALLY FEATURED  
IN HOME-MADE PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIES.

COLONEL

THIS IS, AS I'M SURE YOU CAN APPRECIATE, THE  
HOLY GRAIL OF CINEMATIC FILTH.

**PAGE TEN**

**Pic 1;**

The Colonel rubs his bony hands together anxiously.

COLONEL

THE RUSSIANS TOOK THE REELS WHEN THEY  
STORMED BERLIN. THEY WERE MADE  
AVAILABLE FOR SALE TO THE INTERNATIONAL  
PERVERT COMMUNITY IN 1991.

COLONEL  
SINCE.

THEY HAVE BEEN IN MY POSSESSION EVER

COLONEL  
BURGLED.

UNTIL ONE MONTH AGO, WHEN I WAS

**Pic 2;**

Turn the angle so the Colonel's head is on profile against a massive x-  
ray shot of his skull hanging in the b/g, also in profile.

COLONEL: THE THIEVES CONTACTED ME AND SUGGESTED A RANSOM FIGURE FOR THEIR RETURN.

COLONEL: I PAID IT. OBVIOUSLY, THIS ISN'T SOMETHING I CAN INVOLVE THE POLICE IN.

COLONEL: THEY DEMANDED ANOTHER SUM. I PAID IT.

**Pic 3;**  
The Colonel smiles mirthlessly at Jones.

COLONEL: THEY DEMANDED MORE.

COLONEL: THIS HAS GONE ON FOR A MONTH. THEY ARE INTENT ON BLEEDING ME DRY.

COLONEL: I WANT MY PROPERTY BACK, MR JONES.

*Continued over page*

*Page TEN continued*

**Pic 4;**  
Jones radiates pissed-off rays, there in his chair.

JONES; JERONIMUS SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT I ONLY TAKE JOBS WITHIN THE COMMUNITY.

COLONEL: MM. I AM WELL AWARE THAT LOS ANGELES IS MAINTAINED AS AN OPEN PRISON FOR EX-MEMBERS OF THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY, MR JONES.

COLONEL:                   AND I HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT MY TORTURERS  
WERE PREVIOUSLY AGENTS OF US ARMY  
INTELLIGENCE.

**Pic 5;**

The Colonel leans back, relaxing, looking up at the ceiling, knowing he has Jones now.

COLONEL:                   SO IT IS QUITE DEFINITELY WITHIN YOUR SELF-  
IMPOSED AMBIT.

COLONEL:                   I DO WONDER, THOUGH, WHY YOU LIMIT YOUR  
DETECTIVE WORK TO YOUR COMMUNITY?

**PAGE ELEVEN**

**Pic 1;**

Jones looks at him/us with a face like death.

JONES;                    BECAUSE INTEL EATS PEOPLE UP AND SPITS  
THEM OUT.

JONES;                    BECAUSE NO-ONE ELSE SHOULD END UP LIKE  
ME.



JONES;                               BECAUSE L.A. IS A CAGE FULL OF OLD WOLVES  
AND PEOPLE LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T SUFFER  
BECAUSE OF IT.

**Pic 2;**

Ext. study; outside the door, Graham is waiting with an envelope and the blanket.

GRAHAM;                           THIS IS YOUR RETAINER. CASH, AS REQUESTED.  
ALSO, THE NAMES OF THE GENTLEMEN  
CONCERNED.

GRAHAM;                           AND YOUR BLANKET, SIR.

JONES;                             CHEERS, MATE. I'LL SEE MYSELF OUT.

**Pic 3;**

Waiting at the door: ANGELA NIGH, tall, coldly sharp in a dark skirt suit and heels, dark hair scraped back into a ponytail. Maybe 30.

ANGELA;                           YOU'RE JONES.

JONES;                             GUILTY.

ANGELA;                           ANGELA NIGH. HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

**Pic 4;**

They shake hands briefly. Neither especially impressed with the other.

ANGELA;                           I'M ON THE CRIMINAL INTELLIGENCE DESK,  
LOCAL FBI OFFICE.

ANGELA;                           I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT YOU, JONES. I DON'T  
LIKE THAT YOU'RE HERE.

JONES;                             WELL, I'M SORRY. I WAS REFERRED BY MR  
CORNELISZON, WHO I BELIEVE IS YOUR  
FAMILY LAWYER OF SOME YEARS.

***Continued over page***

***Page ELEVEN continued***

**Pic 5;**

She studies him coolly.

ANGELA; JERONIMUS KNOWS BAD PEOPLE. LIKE I SAY, I  
KNOW A LITTLE OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE IN L.A.

ANGELA; I ALSO KNOW YOU CAN'T BE TOUCHED FOR ANY  
OF IT.

ANGELA; HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT SHE DOESN'T  
WANT TO BE FOUND?

## **PAGE TWELVE**

**Pic 1;**  
Jones cocks an eyebrow.

JONES; ... I DON'T THINK THAT'S MY PROBLEM.

ANGELA; PAULA ALWAYS COMPLAINED ABOUT BEING THE MIDDLE DAUGHTER. NOT ENOUGH POWER, NOT ENOUGH LOVE.

ANGELA; IT'S NOTHING BUT A CRY FOR ATTENTION, AND I DON'T THINK DADDY SHOULD GIVE IN.

**Pic 2;**  
She folds her arms, drawing herself up, looking down her nose at him.

JONES: I TAKE IT YOU DO OKAY FOR DADDY'S  
ATTENTION.

ANGELA; DADDY NEVER WANTED CHILDREN AS SUCH.  
HE WANTED EQUALS. COMPANIONS, FRIENDS.

ANGELA; THAT'S WHAT I AM. I'M MY FATHER'S BEST  
FRIEND. HE TELLS ME EVERYTHING.

**Pic 3;**  
Jones puts his blanket on, tenting it over his head with his hands.

JONES; NO, HE DOESN'T.

JONES; GOODBYE.

**Pic 4**  
She watches Jones clamber into the back of the van.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 5;**  
And she snaps out a cellphone as the van pulls away.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 1;**

The offices of JERONIMUS CORNELISZ00N.

INSIDE: A thin man with a lined face, black eyes and yellow teeth. Thinning black hair scraped back from a widow's peak. JERONIMUS CORNELISZ00N. Packing some books into an small travel case. Jones and Robina enter his wide, bright office.

CORNEL; JONES. EXCELLENT. YOU SAW THE COLONEL, THEN?

JONES; HE HAS MISSING HITLER PORN, JERONIMUS.

CORNEL; YES, YES, APPARENTLY SO. I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE FUN WITH IT.

**Pic 2;**

Jones slumps into a chair, vexed and exhausted.

JONES; HITLER PORN, YOU BASTARD. IT'S GOING TO BE A NIGHTMARE.

CORNEL; IT'S INSIDE THE COMMUNITY. WELL WITHIN YOUR USUAL PARAMETERS FOR TAKING A JOB.

JONES; THE OLDER DAUGHTER THINKS I'VE BEEN HIRED TO FIND THE RUNAWAY MIDDLE DAUGHTER.

**Pic 3;**

Jeronimus packs a hacksaw and some kind of hunting blade into his case, smiling at Robina.

CORNEL OH, THAT. THEY DON'T GET ALONG. SEEMS SHE FOUND A MAN AND DIDN'T TELL THEM.

CORNEL; ANGELA IS, IN MY PROFESSIONAL OPINION, QUITE BLISTERINGLY INSANE. PAY IT NO MIND.

CORNEL; GOOD MORNING, ROBINA. ARE YOU STILL DOING CRIMINAL THINGS WITH ROBOTS AND EXPLOSIVES?

**Pic 4;**

Robina smiles, looking into Jeronimus' case as Jeronimus considers whether or not to pack a leather glove with long hooks mounted on it like Wolverine's claws.

ROBINA HEY, JERONIMUS. GOING SOMEWHERE?

CORNEL

INDEED. THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T AID THE COLONEL PERSONALLY. THE MEAT SICKNESS IS UPON ME, YOU SEE.

**PAGE FOURTEEN**

**Pic 1**

Robina frowns. Jones remains slumped in the chair, deep in his misery.

ROBINA

THE WHAT?

JONES

JERONIMUS IS ONE OF US, ROBINA.

ROBINA

OH. I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST...

**Pic 2;**

Jeronimus smiles kindly at Robina, showing awful teeth.

CORNEL

A DILETTANTE, ROBINA? SADLY NOT. I AM INDEED ONE OF THE BROKEN TOY SOLDIERS OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY IS MADE UP OF.

CORNEL

MY STOMACH, YOU SEE, WAS ONCE CONSIDERED A MASTERPIECE OF CIA SURGERY: THE MAKING OF AN AGENT WHO ONLY NEEDS TO EAT FOUR TIMES A YEAR.

**Pic 3;**

Jeronimus places an immense set of grotesque steel false teeth in his case.

CORNEL;

UNFORTUNATELY, WHEN I **DO** NEED TO EAT, I REQUIRE PROTEIN. MASSIVE QUANTITIES OF PROTEIN.

CORNEL;  
VOLUME.

RAW MEAT, MY DEAR. IN EXTRAORDINARY

ROBINA;

WHAT DO YOU DO?

**Pic 4;**

Jeronimus snaps the case shut, looking over at Jones.

JONES;

HE GOES OUT INTO UFO COUNTRY, WHERE THE LOCALS ARE USED TO COW MUTILATION, AND EATS MEAT ON THE HOOF.

CORNEL

YES. I GO TO MONTANA, WHERE STEAK RUNS ACROSS THE PLAINS.

CORNEL;

SO, JONES. CAN YOU HELP THE COLONEL?

*Continued over page*

*Page FOURTEEN continued*

**Pic 5;**

Jones struggles up out of his chair, utterly miserable.

JONES;                               YEAH, PROBABLY. SOUNDS LIKE A BUNCH OF  
EX-SPOOKS WHO HAVEN'T LEARNED THE RULES  
IN L.A. YET.

CORNEL;                           EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT. ENJOY. I GO NOW TO  
SAMPLE THE FINEST PRAIRIE MEATS MONTANA  
CAN PROVIDE. BACK IN A MONTH OR SO.

JONES;                           YEAH. ROBINA, WE NEED TO GO AND SEE  
FILTHY SANCHEZ.

**Pic 6;**

Robina and Jones head out of the office. Robina pokes Jones in the ribs.

ROBINA;                       I'M CHARGING YOU GAS MONEY, JONES.

JONES;                       IF I'M PAYING YOU MONEY, YOU CAN DRESS LIKE  
A CHAUFFEUR.

ROBINA;                       IN YOUR DREAMS, JONES.

JONES;                       WELL, YEAH.

**PAGE FIFTEEN**

**Pic 1;**

CUT T0: The frontage of a porn store in a shitty part of town. The signage proclaims it to be FILTHY SANCHEZ ADULT SUPPLIES, and the logo is of a girl in black leather riding a horse wearing blinkers.

Robina and Jones stand outside, looking up.

ROBINA; FILTHY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SUBTLE.

JONES;                      OKAY.

**Pic 2;**

INSIDE; they move through the displays and fixtures, heading towards the even darker back of the store...

ROBINA; I LIKE PORN.

JONES ...YEAH, I THINK I'M JUST GOING TO LET THAT  
ONE HANG IN THE AIR..

**Pic 3;**

... the door to which is guarded by a large white man.

JONES;                      TELL FILTHY THAT JONES NEEDS TO TALK.

FROM DOOR:                      ARTHUR, BRING JONES THROUGH.

**Pic 4**

Filthy Sanchez is a six foot tall brunette woman in black leather pants, spike heels and a leather shirt. Dramatic dark make-up around her eyes. Seated and all stretched out, legs out on top of a table. There's a small TV on the table next to her feet.

Arthur, the white man, comes in and guards the door from the inside. WOOD, in a strap harness and leather mask, sits with Sanchez as they watch porn on the small tv in this room filled with stock and paperwork.

FILTHY JONES. WATCH BUKKAKE WITH ME AS WE TALK.

JONES I'D RATHER JUST TALK AND LEAVE, FILTHY.

FILTHY

JONES, JONES. EVERYTHING GOES BETTER  
WITH BUKKAKE.

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

**Pic 1;**

Jones puts his hands in his pockets -- he feels stupid just saying this.

JONES;  
1944?

HOW ABOUT ANTIQUE GERMAN PORNO FROM

FILTHY;

WHAT?

JONES;

MY CLIENT HAS HAD SOME VERY RARE FILM  
EROTICA STOLEN. THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR  
FENCING IT ARE KIND OF LIMITED.

**Pic 2;**

Filthy's eyes widen, elaborately arched eyebrows reaching for her  
hairline.

FILTHY;

WHAT IS IT, JONES?

JONES;

HITLER'S PRIVATELY-SHOT HOME-MOVIE PORNO.

FILTHY;

SOMEONE HAS THIS?

**Pic 3;**

Filthy leans to one side, to wave sweetly at Robina. Robina gives a  
half-hearted smile.

JONES;

YEAH. NO-ONE'S TALKED TO YOU ABOUT IT?

FILTHY;  
YOU?

NOT A WORD. IS THAT ROBINA SHIVA WITH

ROBINA;

HEY, FILTHY.

**Pic 4;**

Arthur produces a gun and aims it at Robina's head.

FILTHY

ARTHUR.



FILTHY

STAY STILL NOW, ROBINA. JONES, I THINK YOU WANT TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT THE HITLER PORN NOW.

JONES

I DON'T THINK SO.

*Continued over page*

*Page SIXTEEN continued*

**Pic 5;**

Filthy considers Jones with a nasty little smile.

FILTHY;

JONES. YOU ARE A WEAK, SKINNY LITTLE CUMSTAIN OF A MAN.

FILTHY;

I ADMIRE YOUR BULLSHITTING SKILLS IN CREATING THAT BIG SCARY REP OF YOURS.

FILTHY;

BUT WOOD HERE CAN BREAK PEOPLE IN HALF USING ONLY HIS PENIS.

**Pic 6;**

Filthy gestures idly with one long hand, and Wood stands up.

FILTHY;

I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS MOVIE, INCLUDING YOUR CLIENT'S DETAILS AND YOUR LEADS.

FILTHY;

I SHOULD OWN THIS. ONLY SOMEONE LIKE MYSELF CAN APPRECIATE IT CORRECTLY.

JONES;

IF YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, FILTHY, THEN I'M ALL DONE HERE.

## **PAGE SEVENTEEN**

### **Pic 1;**

Wood advances on him. Jones looks towards Filthy, spreading his hands, like, do we HAVE to go through this?

FILTHY

WOOD.

JONES

OH, COME ON...

### **Pic 2**

Wood smacks Jones in the guts. He doubles up.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 3;**

Straightens up slowly.

JONES

OKAY.

JONES

HERE'S THE THING. PAIN DOESN'T

BOTHER ME.

JONES

LET ME SHOW YOU:

### **Pic 4;**

Show him the tattoos. On the left inside forearm, a spiky version of the Hazmat symbol. On the right inside forearm, the words DESOLATION 01.

JONES

THIS MEANS I WAS TORTURED FOR A YEAR.  
THIS MEANS I EXPERIENCED DEATH FOR A FULL  
YEAR, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.



The image is FULL COLOUR -- a close-up of Jones' finger pushing into the eye, making the centre of it push in and the edges bulge out, RIPPING, blood starting to jet out where the eye haemorrhages. It's gross, yes.

TEXT

YOU DON'T WIN FIGHTS BY BEING A STRONG  
MAN OR A CLEVER BOXER. YOU WIN FIGHTS BY  
BEING MORE PREPARED TO PERMANENTLY  
FUCK UP THE OTHER GUY.

## **PAGE NINETEEN**

### **Pic 1;**

Pull back a bit -- Jones' finger sinks into Wood's head through his eye, all the way up to the knuckle.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 2;**

Pulls it out fast, a string of blood, clotted bits and eye material leaving a string from fingertip to eye socket. COLOUR SCHEME HERE: Monochrome PLUS RED, for the eyebits.

### **Pic 3;**

Into full colour: Wood drops backward like a felled tree, mouth open -- urine sprays from the seams and gaps in his harness. This whole scene has got to be fucking horrible. Real fluids, real bodies, real violence. It's not a cartoon. It's the unvarnished truth about how people die. They piss themselves with fear. They shit themselves in the moment of death.

*(no dialogue)*

**PAGE TWENTY**

**Pic 1;**

Wood falls backwards into Filthy's desk, smashing it in half, knocking the TV off it -- Filthy scrambles back, shocked.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2;**

The TV hits the floor and its screen explodes in a flurry of glass and sparks.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

Jones turns and looks at Arthur; who, sweating, does as he's told.

JONES;                      PUT THE GUN AWAY.

**Pic 4;**

Jones glares at Filthy.

JONES;                    YOU HEAR ANYTHING, YOU CALL ME.

## **PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

### **Pic 1;**

CUT TO: Outside the porn store. Jones and Robina head to the van. Robina's looking at Jones like she never met him before.

ROBINA; "INCAPABLE OF CARING WHETHER ANYONE IN THIS ROOM LIVES OR DIES"?

JONES; SOUNDED GOOD.

ROBINA; YOU MEANT IT.

### **Pic 2;**

They reach the van, but Jones hangs back a bit, spreading his hands.

JONES; I WASN'T GOING TO LET THEM SHOOT YOU.

ROBINA; HELL, I WASN'T GOING TO LET THEM SHOOT ME. BUT YOU MEANT IT, DIDN'T YOU?

ROBINA; WHAT THE HELL DID THEY DO TO YOU IN ENGLAND?

### **Pic 3;**

Robina gets into the van, scowling at him.

JONES;  
HOME?

ENGLAND MADE ME. ANY DANGER OF A RIDE

ROBINA;

YOU FREAK ME OUT SOMETIMES, JONES.

**Pic 4;**

Jones looks down, slips his goggles on.

JONES

YEAH. ME TOO.

## **PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

**Pic 1**

Full-page panel. Jones is on the Chemosphere's roof, looking out over LA below, smoking a joint. There's a surreal, hallucinated element -- masses of ANGELS are curling up out of the LA basin like a skein of smoke, coiling up and out towards the setting sun.

TEXT;

THE DREAMS, I CAN HOLD BACK WITH THE  
PILLS. THE VISIONS, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT. I JUST HAVE TO ROLL WITH THEM.

NEURAL FALLOUT FROM THE DESOLATION TEST.

THIS ONE COMES QUITE FREQUENTLY. I GUESS  
IT'S SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF MY BRAIN,  
MADE TOO SENSITIVE TO ENVIRONMENT.

THE LOST ANGELS OF LOS ANGELES.

LIKE ME, THEY HAVE NO WAY TO GO BUT UP.

*To be continued*